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1680
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FAUX'S GHOST:

OR,

Advice

TO

PAPISTS

Novemb. 5. 1680.

THe Morning of that day was almost come,
Which once, the Daring *Catalines* of *Rome*
Design'd to make Great *Brittains* day of Doom.
(*November's* Fifth,) a Day which had not Heaven,
(Just when the Fatal Stroke was to be given,)
Stretcht out its Saving Hand, had seen the Fall
Of King and People; Root, and Branch, and all:
A Day which since, (and may it Ever be!)
Has been, by all true *Protestants*, to Thee,
And to thy Praise, Great God, Devoted Solemnlie.
'Twas just before the Morning of *This* Day,
As in my Bed, in a Deep sleep I lay,

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I felt a ſudden Trembling ſeize my Heart,
And a Cold Sweat run over every Part:
Methought, the Room I lay in was O're-ſpread
With thick Black Darkneſs, ſuch as hides the Dead;
And to encreaſe the Horrors it bronght there,
Loud Thunders Roar'd through all the troubled Air;
And Diſmal Lightnings Reveal'd in the Clouds,
Which fighting winds drove on in trembling croud:
Such was that Hour, I thought it could Portend
No leſs, then that the World was at an End.
When loe! methought, a Mighty Earth-quake came
And Cleft the Ground; then, in a *Sulpherous* Flame
That ſeem'd to fill the Chamber, ſtraight aroſe
A Ghaſtly ſhape, Ugly, and Black as thoſe
We Paint the Devils in; its Glaring Eyes
Look'd like two *Comets* of a Monſtrous ſize.
So Hidious 'twas, I gueſs'd it ſtraight to be
Some Damn'd *Arch-Traytor's* Ghoſt; but whoſe, to me
Was ſomething hard, at firſt, to Underſtand;
But when I ſpy'd th' *Dark Lanthorn* in his Hand,
I knew 'twas *FAUX*, (that Darling of the Devil,)
That ſtrove t' Out-doe even Hell it ſelf in Evil.
Methought he Frown'd, and deeply ſeem'd to groan,
And (with a Horrid Voice,)
'Twixt Grief and Rage, at laſt, thus made his Moan:
And is it come to this? (cry'd he) did I
So Great, ſo Glorious an Example dye,
To teach ſucceeding Ages how to Dare,
And at the Higheſt Crimes not ſhrink, nor fear?
And yet can you, ye Dull Tame Sons of *Rome*,
(Unworthy to be thought from Thence to come,)
When you've ſo far, and Venturouſly paſt,
Leave the *Great Work* but done by Halves at laſt:

All

All you've yet done has only render'd Us,
And our Religion the more Odious.
But Pardon me, dear Sons o'th Church, 'tis Zeal,
(Zeal for the *Holy Cauſe*,) makes me reveal
My Grief ſo Paſſionately; beſides, you know,
I'm newly come from a Hot Place Below.
I know you Plotted well, and Plot on ſtill;
And till Our *End's* accompliſh'd Ever will:
But I Diſlike the Method you Proceed in,
It is too Mean; ſet all the Land a Bleeding;
With Fire and Sword, the *Hereticks* Deſtroy,
And Endleſs Fame for the Brave Act Enjoy:
Do what I aim'd at; let that Vipers Neſt,
That *Conventicle* of *Hereticks* i'th *Weſt*,
That now ſit Plotting how to Extirpate
Us, and Religion, find a ſudden Fate.
Ah! had the Fatal Squire a while but ſpar'd
Thoſe Famous Modern *Hero's*, they'd have Dar'd:
Coleman, *Groves*, *Pickering*, *Whitebeard*, all the Crew
That ſtrove in Royal Blood their Hands t' Embrew;
Had they but liv'd yet Undiſcover'd, what!
Oh! what had they now done! rather what not?
Yet ſome are Living, *Roman*-Soul'd indeed,
That for the Sacred Cauſe dare boldly Bleed:
There's *Don Thomazo*, (Curſe on th' *Renegade*!)
Had he ſtood firm what Work would he have made!
But to ſpare Names, (to all our *Hero's* Shame,)
Our brave Bold *Heroine* hath Engroſs'd all Fame;
She who like *Hecate*, dire Miſchief loves,
And, though o're-power'd, Undaunted on ſtill moves.
Celier! Famous *Celier*! whoſe Name at *Rome*,
Shall like the Sun, ſhine to all Times to come,
And dim the Glories of all Saints that are
Recorded in the Sacred Calender: On

On then, True Daughter, of ſo Great a *Sire*;
Thy Holy Father bids thy thoughts aſpire;
And though Confin'd in ſuch Ignoble Walls,
Plot ſtill King's Murders, and great Kingdom's falls.
And oh! ye Men, for ſhame, at laſt be Brave;
Let not a Woman all the Honour have;
And be aſſur'd, if you but dare do Well,
We'l arm, to aid you, all the Powers of Hell.

With that, methought he Vaniſht, with a Noiſe
Dreadful and Loud as thouſand Thunders Voice:
I ſtarted, and awak'd, and Kneeling there,
To *England*'s Gracious God adreſs'd this Prayer;
Great God, who hitherto haſt ſav'd this Land,
Oh! ſtretch out ſtill thy all-Protecting Hand:
Keep ſafe our Soveraign from Hell and *Rome*,
And ne'r let *Popery* into *England* come.

FINIS.

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